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The Critic

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Two Corrected Impressions*

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.

MR. RUSKIN.

(THE CRITICAL NOTES of which the following are specimens differ a little in scheme and aim from anything that their writer has hitherto attempted. The shape which they take was mainly suggested by some remarks of Mr. Arthur Balfour's at the Literary Fund Dinner of 1893, in London, in reference to his own appreciation of the authors under whom he had (to use ecclesiastical language of a certain kind) "sat" during his youth and early manhood. It occurred to the present writer that a kind of foreshortened review of the impressions and the corrections of them which these writers had produced or undergone in his own case during the last thirty years might not be an absolutely uninteresting sample of "how it has struck a contemporary." It was not practically possible to execute this without "some reference to the progress of general as well as of individual opinion." But care has been taken as far as possible to maintain the genuineness of the individual impression past as well as present. To do this it was necessary rather to give heads of a study of the authors than the completed study itself, and rather to say too little than to say too much; but at the same time not to refrain from a certain amount of personal detail. G. S.)

I THINK it probable that no long poem has for many years—indeed, since the disuse of buying such poems by tens of thousands in the days of our grandfathers—sold so well as "The Earthly Paradise"; and I believe that though none of Mr. Morris's subsequent works has equalled this in popularity, they have none of them lacked a fair vogue. Yet it has always seemed to me that not merely the general, but even the critical public ranks him far below his proper station as a poet.

The way in which I made my own first acquaintance with him was very odd: and I have never been able fully to explain it. As a boy of certainly not more than fourteen I used, like other boys, to take in periodicals addressed *pueris* if not *virginibus*, and in one of these, the title of which I cannot remember, I can very distinctly mind me of seeing an editorial notice to a correspondent or something of the kind making or attempting to make merry with a poem which had been sent in, dealing with a "tall white maid" and other things and persons. This poem was, as I afterwards found out, and as all Morrisians will recognize, "The Sailing of the Sword," which must just have appeared or have been just about to appear in Mr. Morris's first volume, the "Defence of Guinevere." This volume came out in 1858—an *annus mirabilis* when some of the best wine of the century was made on the Douro, and in the Gironde, and on the Côte d'Or, and which seems to have exercised a very remarkable influence on the books and persons born in it. The persons of 1858 had a singular knack of being clever or charming or both; and the books (as biographers and bibliographers have before noticed) were unusually epoch-making. Of these I do not myself rank "The Defence of Guinevere" least high. "The Sailing of the Sword," the manner of the insertion of which in my *Boy's Magazine*, or whatever it was called, remains an insoluble mystery to me—is, no doubt, not one of the best. But I remember, when some years afterwards I bought the little brown book—nightingale-color—from Slatter & Rose's counter at Oxford for a price which would not buy it now, that I took it back to my rooms and read it straight through with an ecstasy of relish not surpassed by anything I have ever known of the kind. Persons of sober and classical tastes fought very shy of "Guinevere" at her first appearance: and even some of those who loved her then have fallen off now. Why should a man speak about a "choosing-

cloth"? What were these strange scraps of mediæval French? Who could make sense of the "Blue Closet" or "Two Red Roses Across the Moon"? Indeed, this latter very harmless and spirited ditty—of which I once offered to write a symbolic defence in any required number of pages, and which I still love wildly—had the faculty of simply infuriating the grave and precise. Oxford and Cambridge have not in my time produced better scholars, who are also humorists, or humorists who are also scholars, than the present Sir Frederick Pollock and the present Bishop of Colombo, and I believe it to be no improper revealing of secrets to say that they both at least used to abominate it. Perhaps (I hope so) they do not now. As for the incident, when the orange fell "And in came marching the ghosts of those who were slain at the war," I should like to bring up the men from the south gate and have a fleet horse ready at that postern, before setting it even now before some very respectable person. And then it would have been dangerous still.

For my part I loved the book at once with a love full-grown and ardent; nor do I think that that love has decreased an inch in stature or a degree in heat since. Of course there are very obvious faults and foibles in it. The archaic mannerism may be here and there overdone, even in the eyes of those who are well enough inclined to it; the attention to pictorial and to musical effect may sometimes seem paid at the expense of sense. The title-poem is in parts obscure and wordy; "Sir Peter Harpdon's End," another most important piece, would gain a great deal by cutting down; the expression sometimes lacks crispness and finish; the verse is sometimes facile and lax. But all this is redeemed and more than redeemed by the presence of the real, the true, the indefinable and unmistakable spirit of poetry. And this spirit wears, as it does at all its more remarkable appearances in the world, a distinct and novel dress. Although the so-called Romantic movement had been going on more or less for a hundred years—had been going on vigorously and decidedly for sixty or seventy,—when Mr. Morris wrote, only one or two snatches of Coleridge and Keats had caught the peculiar mediæval tone which the Præ-Raphaelites in poetry, following the Præ-Raphaelites in art, were now about to sound. Even "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," that wonderful divination in which Keats hit upon almost the whole mediæval as elsewhere almost the whole classical spirit, is an exception, a casual inspiration rather than a full reflection. And let it be remembered that when Mr. Morris began to write, the brother poets (who afterwards a little eclipsed him, perhaps, both with the public and the critics) had published nothing (though Mr. Rossetti's sugared sonnets might be handed about among his private friends) and that the painter who is more than anyone Mr. Morris's yoke-fellow, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, was hardly out of leading strings.

"The Defence of Guinevere," indeed, was not Mr. Morris's first, not even his first published work. He contributed largely to that very remarkable and now very inaccessible miscellany, *The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, his chief work being, I believe, a delightful romance called "The Hollow Land," which I read all unknowing its authorship, at the age of sixteen, and liked, but not to loving. "The Hollow Land" was, as I remember it, after more than thirty years, a little, a very little, incoherent and apocalyptic—with painters who painted God's judgments in purple and crimson, and a heroine of the appropriate name of Swanhilda. I decline to recognize any real incoherency in "The

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Defence of Guinevere." The whole book is, of course, saturated with the spirit of the Arthurian legends, of which I believe Mr. Morris was even then a great student, both in French and in English. Nor do I think that anyone who does not know the originals, and has not gone through a considerable study of mediæval romance, can fully estimate the marvellous manner in which he has not merely galvanized or copied, but revived and recreated the tone and sense of them. For—the warning has often been given, but it wants repetition still—it is quite a mistake to think that either Scott earlier, or Lord Tennyson later, effected this revivification, magnificent as the work of both is. Scott was an ardent lover of the Middle Ages; but he was after all a man born well within the eighteenth century. Tennyson had read his *Morte d'Arthur* faithfully; but he was not born much within the nineteenth. It took the work of these very men to create the atmosphere—to get ready the stage in which and on which Mr. Morris and Sir Edward Burne-Jones could appear.

That stage, that atmosphere must always, I suppose, find a public, either enthusiastic in welcome or vehement in refusal. It is not easy to be merely indifferent to the works of these artists, though it is possible merely to gape at them in uncomprehending wonder. "Pastiche" will cry the one side; "unmeaning and overdone archaism; sentimental maundering; indifference to the gains and the aims of modernism; art too literary; literature too pictorial; illiberal and pusillanimous relapse on a mainly imaginary past; deficiency in realism; reliance on trick and *cliché*." I may be excused from setting in array against these terms of excessive and uncritical depreciation, a counter list of equally excessive appreciation and praise. But I think myself that the school in question—especially the poet and the painter just coupled—have discovered, or rather rediscovered, one way to one of the Paradises of Art, of which I shall not say much more in this place than that to my judgment it seems a true and genuine Paradise, and to my taste one delicious and refreshing to an extent not excelled by any other. To me personally, no division of literature or of art has the qualities of a "Vale of Rest" as mediæval literature and mediæval art have; while its renaissance at the hands of Mr. Morris and his friends seems to be a true renaissance, not by any means a copy, possessing the qualities of its originals in a slightly altered and perhaps even more effective form. It has a fashion of delight, standing in the most marked and interesting contrast with those fashions which may be noticed in other poets of the period. Like the Tennysonian charm it is dreamlike; but the character of the dreams is distinct. There is more action, more story in them; and at the same time, there is a double and treble dose of the vague and the mystical in color, form and sound. In Tennyson there is still a sort of remnant of eighteenth-century *netteté*, of classical clearness of outline. It is only with Mr. Morris and his friends or followers that we get into the true Romantic vague. When Mr. Lang selected Mr. Morris as the chief English example of poetry which oversteps the border line between mere sound and sense, he did justly. But it is also necessary to take count in Mr. Morris of that extraordinarily decorative spirit which always makes him accompany his music with limning. He is the very embodiment of mediæval poetry as we meet it in the well-known opening of the "Romance of the Rose" and a thousand other places—a noise of musical instruments accompanying an endless procession of allegorical or purely descriptive imagery. Between William of Morris and William Morris there are six hundred years of time, a single letter in spelling, and in spirit only a greater genius and the possession of a happier instrument of language and a larger repertory of subject and style in the later singer.

II.

There are certain of one's literary as of one's other loves the progress of which is not wholly satisfactory to a person

of sensibility. There may be no actual "writing out"; no positive and undeniable deterioration; but "the second temple is not like the first," later pressures do not repeat the effect of the first sprightly runnings. I at least have never felt this with Mr. William Morris. I never met him in the flesh, or exchanged letters with him, or heard very much about him personally; and *si quid id est*, I think his politics very nearly childish and much more than very nearly mischievous. But I know no man-of-letters of my time who has been so thoroughly satisfactory all through to the critical lover of letters. To the critical lover, I say advisedly, for it is always necessary to remember with him that *la plus belle fille du monde ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a*. And yet it must be not quite the ordinary sort of critic who shall do Mr. Morris full justice. For his faults are exactly of those which the critic who looks only at the stop-watch will least pardon; and his merits are perhaps of those which the critic who looks only at the stop-watch will least appreciate.

In the last division of this paper I shall give some remarks on his work as it appeared up to and including "The Defence of Guinevere." His next stroke was a stroke of genius, and it was, also, as strokes of genius are not always, a stroke of good luck.

The hubbub about Mr. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" had made general and popular what had before been only partial and esoteric—an interest in the new schools of Præ-Raphaelite art and letters which had already fixed in various ways strong holds on the Universities, especially Oxford. But "The Life and Death of Jason, a Poem by William Morris, London, Bell & Daldy, 1867," which lies beside me with its red buckram weathered to orange on the back, but otherwise much as I bought it at its earliest appearance, hit the bird on both wings. It gave a perfect Romantic treatment. It chose a perfect classical subject. It was not possible, as it has been since, for anyone to accuse the artist of too much archaic mannerism in the mediæval and Scandinavian manner; it was not possible, on the other side, for anyone not to recognize that here was an almost entirely new fashion of telling a story in verse.

It was new, but it was not ancestorless; few things are. It was, to speak the language of the stable, by Keats, out of Wither, by Browne. But the result, as happens sometimes in well-bred steeds, was a far more spirited and individual product than any of its forebears. Mr. Morris did to the heroic couplet what Milton and Wordsworth did to blank-verse. He broke it up, changed its centres of gravity, subjected it to endless varieties of *enjambement* or over-lapping. It was his main care to end a paragraph, to begin a speech, in the middle of a couplet or a line. Yet he never was harsh, and he was seldom—he was sometimes—over-fluent. The thing took by storm that portion of the public—then perhaps somewhat larger than now—which has some scholarship and some taste. And it deserved to take it. I do not think myself that there is any one passage quite so exquisite in it as the Nymph's Song to Hylas, which Mr. Morris (either desirous not to let it be whelmed in a long narrative, or trying experiments on the public memory) republished twenty years after in "Songs by the Way." But it is all more or less exquisite, and it was then all more or less novel.

It was soon to be to a certain extent antiquated by a more splendid production from the same hand. I really do not know that anything combining bulk and excellence to the same extent as "The Earthly Paradise" had appeared since Dryden's "Fables," and the "Fables" are but small in bulk compared to the "Paradise."

A Paradise it certainly is. It had been heralded on the fly-leaves of "Jason," and again in its own earlier volumes, not quite in the form which it finally assumed. I have been told that all the defaulting tales exist, and I would I had them. For nothing is wrong in this enormous work. If it is sometimes voluble, it is never prosaic; the setting-pieces, intercalated prefaces and epilogues for the several months,

are as they should be, of the very best; the poem is noble; and the general contents are sublime. It is hard to seek among the two dozen for the best where all are good. For mere personal liking I should choose, I think, "The Man Born to be King" (which is worth comparing with the simplicity of the old French story), "The Doom of King Acrisius," with the gorgeous sweep of its rendering of the Perseus legend, "The Watching of the Falcon" (a great sermon on a great text), "The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon" (an ideal Romantic tale), its immediate forerunner, "The Death of Paris" (which will bear comparison with the early and late work of Tennyson himself), and lastly "The Ring given to Venus" and "The Hill of Venus," the first of which pair contains in the procession of the dead Gods from sea to land perhaps the very finest thing that Mr. Morris has ever done. If only Sir Edward Burne-Jones would take it for a subject! I suppose there is no douce and reasonable Morrisian who will deny that "The Earthly Paradise" marks the apogee of its writer's talent. But it is really surprising to find how flat the trajectory of his genius is, how little he has declined from this its culmination. I have myself heard "Love is Enough" criticised in the statement that "Love isn't enough," but this is a clear *ignoratio elenchi*. The translations, prose and verse, have perhaps attracted more unfavorable criticism than any other part of the work; and although I am not competent to decide whether Mr. Morris's sagas are or are not unfaithful to their original, I can most frankly admit that Mr. Morris's "Æneid" is not exactly Virgil, and Mr. Morris's "Odyssey" still less exact y Homer. But it really seems unnecessary to fight over again the endless battle of Translation vs. Original. The translation is never the original, and Mr. Morris's substitutes are a great deal better than most. But "Sigurd," at a time of life when the poetic tide often runs low in a man, showed that Mr. Morris was as good at practically original work as ever. Indeed, I hardly know another instance of a poet well advanced in years, if not old, who attempted a new and very dangerous metre with such extraordinary success. Once get the secret of this cunning mixture of anapests and trochees, and the varying and voluble melody of it will simply amaze you.

The last collection of poems proper, "Songs by the Way," contains chiefly gleanings of older years and with many delightful things (especially the incomparable "Meeting in Winter") includes a good deal of Mr. Morris's very Colonel-Newcome-like politics. But a few years ago the indefatigable poet entered on a new course. It must be admitted that the most ingeniously perverse undergraduate could not have selected anything more likely to "disgust the examiners" than the types, etc., of "The House of the Wolfings." Whenever—which is often—I have a mind to read over the "Wood Sun's" perfectly exquisite forecast of Thiodulf's fate—the best piece of English poetry published for these ten years past except "Crossing the Bar"—I have to pay my account with a pair of smarting eyes for the rest of the evening. But in this, and in "The Roots of the Mountains," and most of all in "The Glittering Plain," we have what before Mr. Morris even Kingsley never quite achieved, true sagas, not in the least mosaics or *pastiches* from the sagas proper, but "sets" or "cuttings" from them, instinct with genuine life, and reproducing with due variation the character of the parent stock.

In other words, we have in Mr. Morris what we have not had since Chaucer, and what no other nation has had since a time older than Chaucer's, a real *trouvère* of the first class—a person of inexhaustible fertility and power in weaving the verse and the prose of romance, and with a purely lyrical gift which even Chaucer did not often show. It is the quality of poetry in him much more than the particular forms or the agreeable volume in which it manifests itself that has always attracted me, and attracts me now as much as ever to this very remarkable writer. The quality of poetry is apt to be, if not strained, drowned when it comes to be written by

the ten, the fifty, the hundred thousand verses. I have made no labored calculation: but I really think that Mr. Morris cannot be very far off, if he has not actually reached or passed, the hundred thousand limit. He cannot be said to be quite free from the faults of such prolixity, the loose, fluent phrase, the easy amble of movement, the watered and undistinguished description. And yet you shall never read many pages, seldom many lines of his, without finding side by side with these negligences the unmistakable marks which a poet, and only a poet, impresses on his work. From "The Defence of Guinevere" to the snatches in his latest prose works he has these marks, in phrase, in music, in suggestion. And yet, charming as are many of the detached pieces to be culled from him, the atmosphere and the tenor of the whole seems to me to be more poetical than any of the parts. All over it is that "making the common as though it were not common" which is the best if not the only existing definition of this indefinable quality.

And when I see in the work of certain writers whom it is unnecessary to name, and whom I do not allude to otherwise than for the sake of honor, the falling back on strained expression, on flashes of poetical epigram and conundrum, on scrambles after the grand style and fumbblings after the marmoreal, I turn with relief once more to the lambent, easy light, the misty lunar atmosphere shot with faint auroral colors, the low and magical music, the ever-varying panorama of poetical description and passion and thought that I have known so long in the writings of the author of "The Earthly Paradise."

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

[To be concluded Aug. 25.]

Literature

Fairy-Tales

1. *Old Celtic Romances. Translated from the Gaelic. By P. W. Joyce. 2d edition, revised and enlarged. London: David Nutt. 3. Grimm's Fairy-Tales, etc. Translated from the German. By Mrs. H. B. Paull and Mr. L. A. Wheatley. (The Chandos Classics). Fredk. Warne & Co. 3. Fairy-Tales for Little Readers. By Sarah J. Burks. A. Lovell & Co.*

KING LEAR's admonition to "tell old tales and laugh at gilded butterflies" is not apt to be neglected in these days of new tales and butterflies innumerable, for, be the new ever so delightful, they can never excel the old tales in delight; and the most winsome of all butterflies is the one that springs from the most ancient myth of Psyche. Formerly "old tales," in King Lear's meaning, sprang and lived as spontaneously as blossoms, as the fairy trilliums or bleeding liverwort that mark the woods with heraldic bearings; the youth of the world lived on them as their natural food, that came down as plenteously as ambrosial dews and fed the young imagination with abundant nutrition. Now the Langs and the Müllers and the Coxes would have us study them scientifically as a branch of that long-syllabled science—anthropology,—which has become by an etymological twist almost anthropology, as if one would "apologize," not only for what is in man, but for man himself! Through fairy-tales, as through a veil of *tulle*, these peeping eyes peer and fancy that they dimly see the early spiritual imaginings and longings of a prehistoric world whose soul wrought poetically on a magic tapestry of myths and built itself a gorgeous Palace of Faith, the snail and its calcareous house of crystal fragility being all evolved out of the same material.

Whatever may be the cargo with which these fairy argosies were originally laden—religion or the antic ecstasies of pure invention—they have come down to us like cabinets of shells or crystals tintured with the coloring of their primeval *habitat*, and capable of being classified by nationality and content, as the delicate intellectual flora of a past and now fossilized world. In them we may study much besides the soul of aboriginal men: to each cling adhesions of custom or peculiarity, proverb or folklore, drops of immemorial dew hanging to the quaint leaves and bloomings of popular fancy, birth-marks nicked into the very epidermis of the race, by

which this or that tale can be localized and labelled as Greek, or Teutonic, or Celtic, Aryan in the wider sense, or South-Sea. Through many of them runs the invisible red line of common kinship, as invisible red lines of blood course through all human frames and knit together that marvellous piece of living geometry, the human organism, wherever it may be found. And most distinctly different are the odors and flavors of different nationalities as they appear vialled in those delicate unguent-holders, the fairy-tales of the races of men. Any reader can see this for himself, if he will even cursorily examine two of the collections before us, the one Celtic, the other German. In the former (1), as Dr. Joyce presents them in his charming prose and verse translations from the Gaelic MSS. of the twelfth and other centuries, there is a flood of inventive power suddenly let loose, coupled with strangely poetical hints and glints, which dashes over the reader without restraint or consecutiveness, and leaves out entirely the element of rationality. The wildest happenings elicit no surprise from the Gaelic *shanachie* or his credulous audience: giants, monsters, miracle-mongers succeed each other with breathless rapidity, and their doings and undoings are equally characterized by the absence of reason. The purely imaginative, the high-sounding and grandiose, seem to have been the ultimate aim and object of the professional story-teller who rattled off his saga-epics before the charmed circle round the peat-fire, and never inquired or cared to inquire whether they were in consonance with common sense and reason. Old Celtic Romance is the incarnation of Unreason as it sported and pranked in the ancient fairy-world of myth-loving Erin. The Welsh legends of King Arthur, the Arabian romances of Haroun al Raschid, are often beautifully wild, but they are also as a rule beautifully reasonable: a moral can be extracted from most of them; they contain the rude, if undigested, material which a laureate may later use as the quarry of an exquisite mosaic structure, every cube and *tessera* of which is instinct with meaning. But we may swim on the poetical pages of Dr. Joyce's translations by the hour as in a many-colored dream, under a dome of many-colored glass, without ever suspecting an ethical content, an historical event, or even a terrestrial fauna underlying the exhaustless stream of *grotesquerie* that floats before one's ken. The delightful translation does everything that impassioned prose or musical verse can do to bring Slieve Fuad or the Sons of O'Corra, or Maildun, or Connla of the Golden Hair, physically before us, but their elfish personalities will not take on flesh; they fade into mere *nebula*; the mind refuses to interest itself in their incredible adventures, and in the end the soul finds that it has fed on syllabub, and is cloyed.

But pick up old Jacob Grimm (2)! A breath as from some real, delicious world of ferns and greenery and leafiness, and of real women and children, blows freshly in one's face and stirs the roots of one's hair as with currents that flash from magnetic fingers. It was not in vain that the wonderful brethren went "poking about" in 1812-19 in Hesse and Hanau and gathered from cow-herds' wives as their Scheherazade the incomparable bouquet of "house tales" and fairylore now known as Grimms' Tales. All the world soon rang with the strange music of the new Oberon's horn, and its notes were such that, wild as it was, and enchanting as Hungarian music under the fingers of Liszt, it instantly caught the popular ear and became intelligible to all singing and understanding creatures. Mrs. Paull's and Mr. Wheatley's translations bring the odd originals before us with all their humor, trickiness, fun and fancy, and many a snatch of old verse is delightfully rendered in rhymes. One cares not whether or not these tales are found in "Pentamerone" or Perrault, in Straparola or the "Gesta Romanorum": as the Grimms tell them, they are as new as if they had never been told before, and, different from the Celtic art romances, they are full of meaning. The elaborate literary atmosphere, the air of court life which haunts and hangs around the Gaelic

romantic creations is as apart from the atmosphere of the Teutonic fairy-tale as the Tannhäuser-legend in Wagner's hands is distinct from the precious original germ from which it sprang. The Celtic poem-story rather resembles the old Middle-High-German court-epic with its complicated ceremonial, unreality and phantom splendor. As a test, read one of each sort to an intelligent child, and see the result. In "Fairy Tales for Little Children" (3), Mrs. Burke has selected

"The tales which all the ages long
Have kept the world from growing old,"

and re-written five of them in language which little tots of four years old can understand. She cares not whether "Puss in Boots" was originally Italian, or "Blue Beard" French, or whether "Red Riding-Hood" appears as "Briar Rose" in Grimm: each little story is an appetizing morsel for hungry youngsters, and her simplified versions of "Cinderella," "Little Hop o' my Thumb" and "The White Cat" show her tact in extracting their honey for the little ones. "Read and you will know," said the mother of the famous Sir William Jones to her youngster, who afterwards became one of the world's illustrious readers and knowers.

Ruskin's "Letters to a College Friend"

Macmillan & Co.

THOSE UNHAPPY PERSONS to whom Mr. Ruskin's paradoxes are especially irritating, who resent his assumptions of authority, and vindictively take the measure of his exaggerations, should be warned, in their own interest and for the peace of the public, not to read these early Letters. In them they will find it stated that Aristotle was a "muddle-head," that Turner is "the epitome of all art," that priests at Chartres pray "to" the celebrated black image of the Virgin, that horses are the curse of England, that asbestos is petrified thistle-down, that the Cumberland lakes are "piggish places," that Frenchmen are "black-whiskered blackguards," that Neuchâtel cheese is "beatific," that Petrarch looked like "a butcher playing Julius Caesar at Astley's," that ancient Rome is "a nasty, rubbishy, dirty hole," that it is no use answering people unless to contradict them, that to be obscure is to furnish the only possible apology for writing poetry, that patriotism is an absurd prejudice, that taste is a matter of brute instinct, that a sense of duty is a confounded bore, that shade in nature is quite flat and equal, that the Rhine is a "muddy, humbuggy, vinegar-banked" river, that any book which praises Turner *unqualifiedly* is one to be trusted in all respects, and that the Garden of Eden was a "narrow, nursery-and-seedsman" sort of habitation for our first parents, which, it seems, they were well rid of at the expulsion.

There are some delightful pages of reflections in a pastry-cook's shop, on the purchasing power of a penny; but the unhappy persons that we speak of will find in them only a plain incitement to insurgent switchmen and seditious college professors to go on in their evil ways. There is a letter of instructions to tourists, in which they are ordered to scale slippery precipices at the risk of their necks, that they may enjoy Mr. Ruskin's favorite view. There is a description of St. Peter's, in which it is said that the most impressive thing about the big church is the magnificent way in which the Popes have "gone the whole hog" in the matter of expense. There is an amusing chapter of "hints on chalk-drawing," made up of Harding's recipes and Ruskin's reasons. There is an encounter (at Naples) with a fine old English gentleman, who was thankful for a hale old age, and "*such* views of divine things—amazin'!" There are, also, "*such* views" of Mr. Ruskin's own poems, and poetry in general, and of death before the Fall of Man. But all these good things will be thrown away upon those who insist on taking their Ruskin always literally, seriously, and therefore, sooner or later, angrily. Those who know better will find this volume of Letters pleasant summer reading—a mixture, as it were, of

Chatauqua science and philosophy and hot-weather editorials, with a rustling of *Frondees Agrestes* running through it. The Letters were written between 1840 and 1845, mostly from French and Italian cities, the author being at the time engaged in getting material for his "Modern Painters." The friend to whom they were addressed appears to be Mr. W. G. Collingwood, author of a book on "The Art-Teaching of John Ruskin."

An English Mystic

Piers Plowman. A Contribution to the History of English Mysticism. By J. J. Jusserand. Translated from the French by M. E. R. Revised and Enlarged. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN THE LONG LINE of mystics that reaches from Richard Rolle de Hampole and the Ancren Riwle in the thirteenth century down to Blake, Rossetti and (on certain sides) Emerson in the nineteenth, none occupies a section of the great compound window at once more radiant and more sombre than Langland—the great window in which shine all the lucid figures and shadowy outlines which go to make up the great picture of English literature. Langland was the fourteenth-century author of an allegorical poem in alliterative verse, which occupies much the same place in the brilliant worldliness about it that Dante's poem, a century earlier, occupied in the "Italie Mystique" of his day on the devout Continent. This highly vitalized poem, which is surcharged with all the moral electricity of the age—a mighty Leyden jar quick with concentrated fire—exists in 45 MSS., one of which is believed to be in the autograph of the writer. Two admirable editions of it exist in English, both by Prof. Skeat, one dated 1867, and the other 1886, which immeasurably surpass in every particular the first printed edition, published in 1550.

No better material for the study of English mysticism is to be found than "Piers Plowman," as Langland's caustic religious allegory is called. The poem was already famous when Chaucer, in 1386, wrote his sunny and sensuous Prologue to "The Canterbury Tales," which is so flush with the sunshine and joy of the same Normanized century. To Chaucer Langland stands as an elder brother, austere, ascetic, frowning, figure-loving—a puritan in a cowl, a Savonarola out of Florence, burning with indignation over the world so beloved of old Geoffrey. He cares not for felicities of speech or story-telling, or pathetic memories of Griselde, or laughing indecencies of a Wife of Bath: Langland is a human volcano akin to Bunyan, to St. Francis of Assisi, to the morbid sides of Cowper, Lord Herbert of Cherbury and Merswin, the German mystic. For him Canterbury and its Tales are worse than chaff—they are deadly sin. Whoever would study the locked-up life of the age of Edward Plantagenet must unlock this rich and in many respects matchless poem, and see for himself under the translucent veil the ribald civilization of the time—one side of it, at least; for, as Dr. Jusserand truly says:—"Langland follows no rule, no literary guide, no precedent. He has passed his life in dreaming and observing; he has followed his thoughts with the attention of a psychologist, and he has observed around him all that lives and moves, from crowned Kings to birds on the trees and worms on the ground. He tells what he has seen and nothing else; his sole guide is the light that shines over the tower where 'Truth' is imprisoned."

His manner of seeing all this is through mystic lenses: he dreams as Cicero did before him in the "Somnium Scipionis," as Dante and Chaucer and Bunyan did, and as the authors of the "Roman de la Rose" did; and what he dreams has been truly described as a "journey through the Ten Commandments," a panorama of sin and excellence, mingled with broken pictures and fragments from the great writers of antiquity. "Piers Plowman" is now a ploughman only, incarnation of common sense and contemporary life; now he is Christ, the spiritualization of all excellence; and between them float the ghostlike allegories, like huge sphinx-moths at

night, of Do-Well, Do-Bet and Do-Best, only half luminous in the surrounding darkness. In fact, all the *dramatis personæ* of the struggling and half-born *passus* of the mystic drama, which is a "mystery" and a "morality" all in one, might be entomologically classified as *noctiluca*—those tremulous, half-lustrous, winged things that haunt the edges of twilight and float like disembodied apparitions in its nebulous seas. The poet's three texts are—*disce, doce, dilige*; "learn, teach, love," ring through his lines, with sometimes melodious, sometimes grotesque iteration; and it is the complex reverberations of these words, with all their multiple divisions and variations, that Dr. Jusserand so admirably catches in his book and interprets to us one by one. This book is really a *culturgeschichtliche* study: an examination into the culture and history of the fourteenth century as reflected in this mirror-like poem. While the form of the poem is that of a vast abstraction, a "Pilgrim's Progress" gossamery in architecture, it is yet replete with living forms and faces, with sharp, incisive utterances, with sudden memorable sayings, with portraits more vivid than those of Theophrastus or La Bruyère. These Dr. Jusserand lifts from the circumambient dusk and plants graphically before the reader as types, not of the poet's intuitions, but of the actual, breathing people of the time, of folk whose blood is red with oxygen and whose tongues wag with alternate wisdom and folly. What Piers Plowman saw, Blake in the later language of the pictorial mystic transcribed in wonderful lines and reproduced in forms phantom-like yet terrible. In Shelley's ethereal accents reminiscences of this raucous voice are heard, and in the silvery spiritualities of the Sage of Concord abide, mayhap, echoes of the pilgrim who climbed not Parnassus, but Golgotha. It would be a long but interesting story to tell how Langland's solemn and awful voice of judgment transformed itself century by century into things milder and more mellifluous—into, it may be, the vague deism of Herbert, the visions of Bedford jail, the optimism of Browning, even the broad humanitarianism of Whitman; but there is not space here to tell it.

Poetry and Verse

A PECULIAR and pathetic interest attaches to "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours," by Eugene Lee-Hamilton. (London: Elliot Stock.) The author, like Heine, has his mattress-grave, to which he is confined by a painful and crippling disease. In this case, indeed, it does not seem to be true that "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things," for he finds a certain solace in describing the sports of his boyhood, the hills and fields and streams familiar to his youth. But much of his verse has received a gloomy tinge. He is patient, but without religious resignation; he braves, rather, "the author of the miscreated world" with the dull courage of the fatalist. He likens destiny to the "Eiserne Jungfrau" of the German castle, to Pizarro, cheating and murdering his helpless prisoner, to the Spanish soldiers tracking the Indians with their trained bloodhounds. Life's cup to him is bitter, and he will not pretend for courtesy's sake that he loves the draught. It is a strange and pitiful thing to see with what quaint and lovely fancies he dallies in his brighter moments. Now it is a bit of fairy-love, anon a masterpiece of brush or chisel that lures his thoughts afar; nor is the play of his mind less free and swift than that of a man in health. The quality of his verse is wonderfully pictorial, and the striking imagery of sonnets like "Faith," "Eagles of Tiberius," "A Spanish Legend" and "The Wreck of Heaven" will not readily be forgotten. Of other sonnets the modulated rhythm, with its hinted yearnings and sighs of "sweet self-pity," will haunt the memory like a strain of melancholy music. Perhaps the following example, entitled "The Ring of Faustus," will serve as well as another to show the character of Mr. Lee-Hamilton's work:—

"There is a tale of Faustus—that one day
 Lucretia the Venetian, then his love,
 Had, while he slept, the rashness to remove
 His magic ring, when fair as a god he lay;
 And that a sudden horrible decay
 O'erspread his face; a hundred wrinkles wove
 Their network on his cheek; while she above
 His slumber crouched, and watched him shrivel away.

There is upon Life's hand a magic ring—
The ring of Faith-in-Good, Life's gold of gold;
Remove it not, lest all Life's charm take wing!
Remove it not, lest straightway you behold
Life's cheek fall in, and every earthly thing
Grow all at once unutterably old!"

THE PLAN OF Gilbert Parker's "A Lover's Diary" is partly disclosed in the title. In a series of more than a hundred sonnets the singer tells the history of his love, describes his emotions, reflections, purposes, and the ennobling effect of a pure passion upon his life and art. Although after one estrangement and a reconciliation the lovers are finally separated, the man's character has been permanently uplifted and strengthened. At least, such is his own belief. But he does not succeed in eradicating certain morbid symptoms, and it may well be doubted whether the demons will not at last return to the swept and garnished chamber of his mind. Few of the sonnets are free from this morbid taint, which impairs the poetic force and vitality they undoubtedly reveal. In their technical aspect the poems are unequal. The form of sonnet which Mr. Parker has adopted—the Shakespearian or "fourteener"—is tempting to young writers, by reason of its comparative simplicity. The "dying fall" of the true sonnet, however, is commonly lost in the "fourteener," the closing couplet of which has often a too abrupt or a too sententious effect. Mr. Parker has not always overcome this difficulty, and in other respects he shows himself too little fastidious for a sonnet-writer.

"The wire that flashes lightning to the ground
Diverts, but not its potency debars"

is clumsily expressed; "thine hour of birth *didst* give a new pulse to the veins of song" is ungrammatical, and so is "thou *plucked* them forth" (p. 99). "They taught me to strike at no idol raised" cannot properly be scanned as an iambic verse; and, surely, "Dante, Anacreon, Euripides" (p. 67) is a whimsical collocation of names. Nevertheless, this is a real book, and not a simulacrum of one. (Stone & Kimball.)

THE ANONYMOUS AUTHOR of "Poems, Sonnets, Songs and Verses" bears little resemblance to the trimmed and curled poet of the magazines. He shows a refreshing candor and a healthy disposition to think for himself. In his choice of words, too, he does not confine himself to those which are sanctioned by poetic usage. The effect of homeliness thus produced is often by no means unpleasant. More frequently, however, the verse has been vulgarized to no purpose, since no desirable quality has been gained in compensation for the dignity and refinement that are lacking. The author is happiest in his careless descriptions of the scenery and incidents of country life. His epigrams and satirical verses have too little salt, and much of his work is the veriest prose. (Macmillan & Co.)—THERE are some lively, rattling rhymes in Mr. Norman Gale's book of "Cricket Songs." Primarily addressed to an English audience, and thickly sown with technical terms and with names of English and Australian heroes of the cricket-field, these colloquial, Kipling-like verses will find in this country a small but enthusiastic band of admirers. (London: Methuen & Co.)

THE LATEST ADDITION to the charming Golden Treasury Series is a volume of selections from the poems of Arthur Hugh Clough, with an engraved portrait of the author by way of frontispiece. The volume contains the whole of "The Bothe of Tober-na-Vuolich," selections from "Dipsychus" and the "Amours de Voyage," and a group of miscellaneous poems. Nothing, however, is given from "Mari Magno," since in the editor's judgment that series of poems is ill adapted for selections. It is hardly probable that Clough will ever become a popular writer, although his rousing lyric "Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth" has long been familiar. Like Arthur Hallam, he will be best remembered as one whose death evoked from a greater poet than himself an imperishable song. Yet there will always be readers for whom this fine and sincere spirit will have a peculiar attraction. (Macmillan & Co.)—FROM A VOLUME OF "Selected Poems by the Earl of Lytton (Owen Meredith)," with an appreciative introduction by "the poet's daughter, Lady Betty Balfour, one observes with surprise that "Aux Italiens," undoubtedly the best-known of the author's briefer poems, has been omitted. In the case of a poem which has been so well received by the public it seems to us that the editor's personal preferences ought not to come into play. Otherwise the selection appears to be well made. A new edition of "Lucile" is issued by the same firm as a companion volume to

the foregoing. Both books are clearly printed and neatly bound. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—A THIRD EDITION of Richard Le Gallienne's "English Poems" has appeared. The whims and vagaries of popular taste are proverbial, and certainly one is puzzled to guess why this particular volume should have prospered so well when so many others, of equal or greater merit, have fared but indifferently. Let us trust that Mr. Le Gallienne's numerous readers are attracted by the real sweetness and strength he sometimes reveals, and not by his affectation and sensuousness. (Copeland & Day.)—SUCH A HOPE, however, is hardly possible in the case of the late Francis S. Saltus, a handsome volume of whose poems is published by the Putnams under the title of "The Bayadere, and Other Sonnets." Many, if not all, of these pieces have already appeared in smaller volumes. Mr. Saltus was a facile writer, but his pen was dipped in—absinthe. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Fiction

THE DRYBURGH EDITION of the Waverley novels is nearly completed. The recent issues of these finely illustrated, well-printed and well-bound volumes are "The Betrothed" (Vol. xix), "The Talisman" (Vol. xx), "Woodstock" (xxi), and "The Fair Maid of Perth" (xxii). The remaining three volumes, "Anne of Geierstein," "Count Robert of Paris" and "The Surgeon's Daughter and Castle Dangerous" will be published before the end of the year. The excellent qualities of the Dryburgh edition have been pointed out in these pages as the successive volumes appeared, and hardly require repetition. It is in every regard desirable, being a handy and handsome library edition of Scott's stories. (Macmillan & Co.)—"BELLE-PLANTE AND CORNELIUS," by Claude Tillier, translated by Benjamin R. Tucker, cannot be said to be as interesting as the same author's "My Uncle Benjamin." The story is mildly entertaining, but whatever humor it contains is of the broad kind that Tillier seems to have loved. Mr. Tucker has a most disproportionate idea of Tillier's importance and standing as a literary artist and philosopher of the people. The same publishers have brought out a new edition of the Frenchman's "My Uncle Benjamin," uniform with this new work. (The Merriam Co.)

IN CASSELL'S Unknown Library there has just appeared a volume of delicious humor, "My Two Wives," which is indited by "One of their Husbands," in the person of Mr. Timothy Moleskin, a substantial green-grocer (retired) of one of London's romantic suburbs. Mr. Moleskin's matrimonial adventures excite our liveliest sympathy, and, although there probably be not a few unthinking souls who will merely laugh at what he relates, there is much of the wisdom of Socrates discoursing to his "academe" in the experience of this truly good man. Fate mated him at first with a masterful widow—but Fate relented, and he was released to taste, *en secondes nocces*, the sweets of connubial bliss with a youthful spouse. It is a book to be read not merely by all green-grocers, but by all their customers. (Cassell Pub. Co.)—THE DAPPER LITTLE VOLUMES of the Black and White Series offer their purchasers a pretty harmony of substance and form. The look of the booklets is dainty and refined without a tinge of dilettanteism, and each page seems to call for a single clever or delicate thought. The several volumes published thus far have fulfilled this difficult condition, often in double and triple measure. Two more of Mr. Howells's farces have been added to the Series, "Five O'Clock Tea" and "The Mouse-Trap." A further addition is Mr. J. K. Bangs's amusing "Three Weeks in Politics," an autobiographical skit—we might be permitted to call it—on the literary man in municipal politics. (Harper & Bros.)

"COLLEGE DAYS" recounts the incidents of "Harry's Career at Yale" in the early seventies—the days when the famous fence was still extant and the old brick row had not made way for the present beautiful quadrangle. If we may take it as a mirror of the times, we can be better content at the changes which are said to have come over Yale life within recent years. College fun never excuses rowdiness, and we are afraid that Harry and his companions somewhat justify the alias of the Yalensian, once current among undergraduates of rival colleges—the epithet "Connecticut mucker." But natural exuberance and the honest rehearsal of elderly college jokes are to be found in this book in sufficient quantity to warm the heart of every alumnus who reads it, be his alma mater far or near, and for so much may we thank the author, Mr. John Seymour Wood. Yale men may not themselves, perhaps, experience the same sensation of gratitude, for their university is here de-

picted on a plane of dignity little above that of a boy's boarding-school. The layman, too, must regret that it is still most profitable to seek one's pictures of college life in the pages of "Verdant Green" and "Tom Brown." (Outing Pub. Co.)—RUDYARD KIPLING'S success has excited the literary ambitions of all who, dwelling in outlandish countries, court reputation for novelty in the "home" they all discuss. So "The Shen's Pig-tail" professes to give us cues of Anglo-Chinese life, and in so doing certainly takes us into a new atmosphere. The stories are well told and exhibit a certain knack of style which lifts them above the ruck. Altogether the little book makes a creditable beginning to the publishers' neat new Incognito Library, which promises to be a series of small books by representative writers, whose names will for the present not be given. The series is to include the authorized American editions of the future issues of Mr. Fisher Unwin's Pseudonym Library. (G. P. Putnam's Son's.)

George Meredith's "Style"

IN AN EDITORIAL notice of Mr. George Meredith's latest contribution to literature *The Daily Telegraph* of London makes some quotations from the book to illustrate the author's much admired style:—

"For the plot and action of 'Lord Ormont and his Aminta' we must refer our readers to the book itself. In this place we confine ourselves to signalling certain passages which strikingly exemplify the stylistic peculiarities of its author. Thus, in describing the distinctions between dark and fair girls, as defined by schoolboys, he writes:—'As they (the schoolboys) felt, and sought to explain, in the manner of the wag of a tail, with elbows and eyebrows to one another's understandings, fair girls are softer, woollier, and when they mean, to look serious overdo it by craping solemn; or they pinafore a jiggling eagerness, or hoist propriety on a chubby flaxen grin; or else they dart an eye or they mince and prim and pout, and are sigh-away and dying-ducky, given to girls' tricks. * * * The fair are simple, sugary things, prone to fat like breadsops in milk; but the others are like milky nuts, good to bite; Lacedemonian virgins, hard to beat, putting us on our mettle: and they are for heroes, and they can be brave.' There is, perhaps, a trifle of obscurity about Mr. Meredith's theory of the development of the tender passion among English schoolboys. 'The school began to brood, like air deadening on over-heat. Winter is hen-mother to the idea of love in schools, if the idea has fairly entered. Various girls of different colors were selected by boys for animated correspondence, that never existed and was vigorously prosecuted, with efforts to express contempt for them in courtship for their affection's.'"

"Mr. Meredith's views and opinions of the fair sex cannot but be rife with thrilling interest to the lady-advocates of female emancipation, who are just now so conspicuously 'to the front' among contemporary writers of romance. 'A powerful wing of imagination, strong as the flappers of the great roc of Arabian story, is needed to lift the known physical woman even a very little way into azure heavens. It is far easier to take a snapshot at the psychic, and tumble her down from her fictitious heights to earth. The mixing of the two makes nonsense of her. She was created to attract the man, for an excellent purpose in the main. We behold her at work incessantly. One is a fish to her hook; another a moth to her light. By the various arts at her disposal she will have us, unless early in life we tear away the creature's colored gauzes and penetrate to her absurdly simple mechanism. That done, we may, if we please, dominate her. High priests of every religion have successively denounced her as the chief enemy. To subdue and bid her minister to our satisfaction is, therefore, a right employment of man's unperturbed superior strength. Of course, we keep to ourselves the woman we prefer; but we have to beware of an uxorious preference, or we are likely to resemble the Irishman, with his wolf, and dance imprisoned in the hug of our captive. For it is the creature's characteristic to be lastingly awake, in her moments of utmost slavishness most keenly awake, to the chances of the snaring of the stronger. Be on guard, then.' One more quotation, apropos of an ill-assorted couple and the mundane morality of marriage, before we take leave of Mr. Meredith's remarkable novel. The husband 'brings a charge he can't support; she punishes him by taking three years' lease of independence, and kicks up the grass all over the paddock, and then comes cuckoo, barking his name abroad to have her home again. You can win the shyest filly to corn at last. She goes, and he digests ruefully the hotch-potch of a dish the woman brings him. Only the world spies a side-head at her, husbanded or not, though the main fault was his, and she had a right to insist that he should be

sure of his charge before he smacked her in the face with it before the world. In dealing with a woman a man commonly prudent—put aside chivalry, justice, and the rest—should bind himself to disbelieve what he can't prove. Otherwise let him expect his whipping, with or without ornament.' In such strange and piquant phrases has George Meredith contributed another of his striking studies of character."

The Kaiser's French

M. JULES SIMON went to Berlin, two years or so ago, as one of the French delegates to the German Emperor's International Labor Conference; and to the *Revue de Paris* of Aug. 1 he contributes an account of an interview with the Kaiser.

"Before telling you of his conversation, I must say a word about his way of speaking. He spoke French. Easily? Very easily. Correctly? Very correctly. Had he had an accent? Not the slightest. The one of us who spoke the most purely was he, for I have a little—a very little—of the Breton accent, and the Emperor speaks like a Parisian. He asked me with a smile how I found his pronunciation.

'You speak,' said I, 'like a Parisian.'

'That is not surprising,' said he, 'I have a friend' (he affects this term when speaking of his servitors) 'who was my professor for ten years, and who has remained with me.' He is a Parisian and a purist. And have you heard me use an expression hardly orthodox? (I am not only an Academician, I am a member of the dictionary committee.)

'Once only,' said I, and I saw that he was a little frightened.

'But when?' said he.

'Just now, when your Majesty said we shall return here to *god-ailler*.' [To take a drink.]

'*God-ailler* is French; it is in the Academy dictionary.'

'It is in the dictionary, but it is not used at the Academy, nor in the Salon of the Academy.'

'I shall remember; and it is the only time?'

'I swear it. Your Majesty is like your professor, a purist.' He appeared to be much amused at this little play of words.

"M. Jules Simon goes on," says M. de Blowitz in the *London Times*, "to tell how thorough was the Emperor's acquaintance with French writers, how surprised he was to find that the Emperor had time to read French novels, how the Emperor assured him that his idea of happiness was to dine quietly in his private apartments like a 'bon bourgeois de Berlin' with his wife, to whom he read a chapter of a novel before going to bed; how the Emperor liked M. Georges Ohnet and detested M. Zola, whom M. Jules Simon tried to defend as an incomparable *conteur* and a profound observer. He then goes on to the question of politics."

The Lounger

The Cosmopolitan's new building, now going up at Irvington-on-Hudson, promises to be all that the reputation of the architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, led one to expect. It stands on a terrace on the side of a hill overlooking the river, and it has been arranged that the hillside shall not be disfigured by railway-tracks and freight cars. A tunnel has been made from the main



THE "COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE'S" NEW HOME

line up to the basement of the building, where all freight will be received and delivered, out of sight. The building is 279 feet long by 76 wide, and its dome is adorned with the group of figures that did similar duty on top of the Agricultural Building at the World's Fair. Mr. Walker expects to move into his new building by the end of this month.

WHEN I READ OVER, last week, my list of American authors who have held diplomatic or consular posts, I flattered myself that I had made it complete. It was anything but a pleasant surprise, therefore, to find that I had omitted the name of Mr. W. L. Alden, late Consul General at Rome. I could have borne that with comparative equanimity, however; but fancy my chagrin on discovering that I had omitted the most famous name in the bead-roll of American diplomats, and the most famous in the whole long list of American authors, living or dead!

SIX OR EIGHT YEARS AGO, the Rev. Joseph Twichell of Hartford called on his neighbor, Mark Twain, and told him a story that made the most famous story-teller in America a willing listener. Mr. Twichell had just got it from the lips of an English clergyman, a chaplain in the British Army. It related to the career of a soldier (name not given) whose rapid advancement during the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny and, indeed, throughout the whole period of his service, had been due to the fortunate outcome of his errors, rather than the happy execution of well-reasoned plans. The story was calculated to confirm any hearer's impression that luck is the determining factor in human affairs. When Mr. Twichell left the house, Mark Twain wrote down what he had heard and poked the manuscript in a pigeon-hole. Three or four years later, on rummaging in his desk, he came upon the story, and sent it to *Harper's Monthly*; and it was printed in the issue of that magazine for August 1891, under the title "Luck."

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS Mr. Clemens went to England. The first thing his friends there said to him was to keep away from Gen. Wolseley. "Why should I do that?" he asked; "I don't owe him anything." "No, but he owes *you* something." "What for?" "For that story of yours in *Harper's*, this month." "No he doesn't: it's been paid for. What's *he* got to do with it, anyway?" "O nothing—only he's the hero of 'Luck'!" So when Mark Twain goes to England, nowadays, he travels under his real name, lest the famous General should pounce upon him for his unwitting essay in biography.

WHEN MARK TWAIN was a little boy, foreseeing his future celebrity as a teller of tall tales, he began to practice the art of yarn-spinning on all about him. Some of the neighbors—distressed by the seriousness with which he told them things that taxed their credulity beyond its carrying power—waited upon Mrs. Clemens, and consoled with her. "It must be sad," said they, "never to know what to believe from the lips of your own son." But the boy's mother did not share their distress. "I always know just what to believe," she replied. "I rule out 95 per cent. of everything he tells me, and know the rest is true." The raconteur has since been heard to say that no one has ever sized up his stories so correctly as his mother did.

THE CLEMENS FAMILY is expected to return to Hartford in October. Mark Twain has crossed the ocean several times this year, and is now on his way from here to France and Italy, where his wife and children will give him a warm welcome—though not as warm, perhaps, as he would get in England from Lord Wolseley, or from Prof. Dowden, from whom he is just now defending Harriet Shelley in *The North American Review*.

"IF WE MAY JUDGE from the constant stream of new editions of his works which issue from the press," says *The Athenaeum*, "it is evident that publishers do not agree with theatrical managers that 'Shakespeare spells ruin.'" But *does* the theatrical manager of to-day pronounce "Shakespeare" as if it spelt "ruin"? The leading manager of England can hardly be disposed to mispronounce it in that way. And Mr. Daly—one of the leading managers of America—has no more reason to do so than Mr. Irving. Nowadays, Shakespeare spells "success."

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" will never die. When I was in London they were playing it at one of the theatres; and now the London publisher, Mr. Walter Scott, has brought it out in his Re-

ward Series. Who gets the reward, by the way? Perhaps the public, perhaps the publisher. Even the author might be entitled to some of it, but "Uncle Tom" has outlived its copyright.

RENAN, TAINE, LECONTE DE LISLE! The French Academy has lost three of the greatest names on its glorious roll in quick succession. The Titans are disappearing fast, as if anxious to let the twentieth century achieve its own greatness in learning and letters—jealous of the glory they have shed upon nineteenth-century France. Charles Marie Leconte de Lisle was the last of the great contemporaries of Victor Hugo, whom he succeeded among the Immortals. His point of view was not that of the author of "Les Châtiments": his was the purely intellectual outlook, and his tender understanding of nature in all her moods was dearer to him than the study of the emotions of his kind. Still, he comprehended the human passions to perfection, as those wonderful, limpid, faultless verses show, that made him one of the really great poets of France. He was born on the island of Réunion, of a Breton family, and settled in Paris in 1847. His life was uneventful, after the first enthusiasm of his youth for socialism and the part he took in the movement of 1848. In 1872 he took a place in the library of the Luxembourg, and in 1886 was elected to Hugo's *fauteuil*.

THAT IS all that can be said of his life, which was a truly noble and unselfish one, perfect as was the metre of his verses. His poetical works are complete in three volumes—"Poèmes Antiques," "Poèmes Barbares" and "Poèmes Tragiques." He wrote, also, a tragedy in two acts, "Les Erinnyes," with music by Massenet, which was produced at the Odéon in 1873; and the libretto of "l'Apollonide," an opera for which M. Franz Servais had composed the music. His translations from the Latin and Greek poets are models of their kind. The French Government has conferred a pension of 4000*f.* on Mme. Leconte de Lisle.



LECONTE DE LISLE

IT IS SAID in London that while Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell was a gross libel, his portrait of Mme. Réjane, in the second number of *The Yellow Book*, is the best likeness of her that was ever made. "How is this?" ask those who are not impressed by Mr. Beardsley's success at portraiture. Mr. William Archer thus explains the mystery: "Mme. Réjane happens to be the one woman in the world with a Beardsley mouth!" In describing that feature of this charming actress, some time ago, Mr. Archer called it "luscious." He was not quite satisfied with the adjective, but it was the most descriptive that he could lay his hand upon at the moment. To have called it the "Beardsley mouth" would "have been at once more delicate and more descriptive, but these inspirations never arrive at the right time," he complains. Mr. Beardsley's case he regards as unhappier than his own:—

"He invents a mouth, evolves it from his inner consciousness, patents it, and has every right to look upon it as a thing peculiar to himself—a possession, if not a joy, for ever. Then all of a sudden an actress comes along in whom Nature has basely anticipated his invention. With the ingenuousness of genius, Mr. Beardsley walks straight into the trap, draws her, and produces an admirable, an inspired, likeness; thus earning the nauseous compliments of the Philistine, and no doubt forfeiting for ever the esteem of his brother artists. Never mind! Nature has played the artist a shabby trick, but Mr. Beardsley may be trusted to have his revenge on her."

MR. ARCHER is all wrong. Mr. Beardsley did not invent this mouth. It was invented in Africa, for the descendants of Ham. The English artist has only applied it to the Anglo-Saxon face. There is nothing new under the sun, not even Mr. Beardsley's eccentric manner, for in China they drew as he does in the days of Confucius. The best-known portrait of that distinguished philosopher is drawn in the manner that Mr. Beardsley imitates, as anyone may see by turning to "Chambers's Encyclopædia."

The Second Number of the Yellow Book

THIS VOLUME OF THE new quarterly is not quite so fantastic a performance as the first, but it is not without its eccentricities. Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's cover design is less striking than the first, and the picture on the title-page more within the possibilities than its predecessor, though it would be hard to imagine a woman walking at quite such an angle. Among the writers we have a number of those who contributed to the first volume—Henry James, Hubert Crackanthorpe, William Watson, Beerbohm and Harland. Mr. Austin Dobson has some lines written to "E. G., with a Volume of Essays," and Mr. William Watson sends "An Epigram," which he would better have kept in his desk, as it is so very indifferent in quality. The lines are addressed to "a lady recovering from a dangerous sickness":—

"Life plucks thee back as by a golden hair—
Life, who had feigned to let thee go but now.
Wealthy is death already, and can spare
Ev'n such a prey as thou."

The most important contribution is Mr. James's story, in twelve chapters, "The Coxon Fund." It is the saving grace of the number. There are two extraordinary performances in these pages, one a review of the first number of *The Yellow Book*, by Mr. P. G. Hamerton, the other a defence of his ridiculous "Defence of Cosmetics," by Mr. Max Beerbohm. Mr. Hamerton amiably describes the editor's request, that he should criticize the first number of this quarterly in the second, as "novel" and "original." "Egotistical" and "impertinent" would, we should say, describe the idea more accurately. Most editors publish such matter in their advertising pages, and do not force them down their readers' throats by printing them in the body of their magazines. Mr. Hamerton has laid aside his critical pen and takes up one tipped with amiability. He begins by complimenting the editors upon their originality, and the publishers as "having done more than any other for the encouragement of modern verse." Then he opens his box of compliments upon the head of Mr. Le Gallienne, in whose poem "Tree-Worship," he finds "some perfect stanzas and some magnificent verse." Mr. Beerbohm's revolting "Defence of Cosmetics" he understands to be "merely a *jeu d'esprit*," and finds that it amuses him. On the whole he thinks the literature in the first number of *The Yellow Book* "adequately representative of the modern English literary mind, both in the observation of reality and in style." In discussing the art of the quarterly, Mr. Hamerton, while admitting that Mr. Beardsley "is a man of genius," adds that there seems to "be a peculiar tendency" in that gentleman's mind to "the representation of types without intellect and without morals"; the latter statement no one will dispute. On the whole, Mr. Hamerton concludes that the "illustrations decidedly pre-suppose real artistic culture in the public," which may mean much or nothing. Mr. Beerbohm's "Letter to the Editor" is also published in the body of the magazine, and is as intemperate in its tone as his "Defence of Cosmetics" or any criticism that that article may have called forth. The point of his letter is to take the opportunity of its conspicuity, to abuse those who criticised his article in particular, and all critics in general. He designates them as "that desperate and dangerous band of mad-men who must be mercilessly stamped out by a comity of editors." We all know who are the men that call all others mad save themselves. But why devote more space to such vulgar ranting? It is done for a purpose, and if it is noticed, the purpose is accomplished.

As for the art in this volume, it is of very indifferent quality. Mr. Beardsley's contributions are more in keeping with the columns of the *Journal Amusant* than those of a quarterly magazine. Walter Crane's frontispiece, "The Renaissance of Venus," is a pleasing picture and would, we should think, be more pleasing in color. P. Wilson Steer has a portrait of himself, which, we take it, is a bit of a joke on his part, as there is no portrait of a man at all, but merely a headless trunk in the background, with a female model putting on her slipper in the foreground. Then there is a portrait of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley by Mr. Walter Sickert, which, if it be a good likeness, accounts for much that is eccentric in Mr. Beardsley's work; but we cannot think that a man of his youth wears under his chin grey whiskers, which likewise fringe the back of his neck. There is one real portrait in the volume—a mere sketch, to be sure—but it is drawn with a sure hand and without affectation. It is Mr. J. S. Sargent's portrait of Mr. Henry James. The editors have made one improvement in the make-up of their quarterly. They have left out the name of the process by which their illustrations are made. It was one of the most conspicuous features of the first number. Now let them give up the silly trick

of printing catchwords at the lower corner of each page. (Cope-land & Day.)

Th. Bentzon on Chicago

IT IS ALTOGETHER PLEASANT to see ourselves as others see us, when the observer is as friendly and sympathetic as is Mme. Blanc, who publishes in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for July 1 the first of her series of studies of American life. The general title is "The Condition of Woman in the United States," while the present article, signed with the pen-name of "Th. Bentzon," is headed "First Impressions.—At Chicago.—The Women's Club."

The comments are so delightfully frank and sincere, so honestly warm-hearted, so discriminating, and so cordially appreciative of the fine traits which the writer discovers, that her criticisms are entitled to grateful consideration. During her visits to Chicago, last autumn, Mme. Blanc expressed herself as deeply impressed with certain phases of life in the city—with its dignity in spite of the restless activity, its prodigious energy, its intellectual grasp. It seemed large and generous and broad-minded to her in comparison with Paris—truly a rare tribute from a Frenchwoman. She admired its architecture and its parks, the culture of the women and the chivalry of the men; and in the short time she gave us, her keen, sympathetic insight brought her nearer to the heart of our civilization than many of our own countrymen have been able to penetrate. It is in this spirit of generosity, which yet strives to be just, that Mme. Blanc writes of America and the Americans. Beginning with her impressions of the voyage, she tells entertainingly about that much-discussed subject, the American girl, whom she finds bright and attractive, on the whole, and by no means so naughty as the French have supposed her to be. After discussing at some length her coquetry, indulged in "in America before her marriage, instead of after," the paper turns to Chicago and the World's Fair. Of the latter she writes:—

"Our exhibitions had not prepared me for anything of the kind. I doubt not they were more complete, more perfect in detail, but they did not attain to that general effect which in my memory suggests a mirage, a mirage vanishing after the first vision, as all apparitions so truly magical should vanish. I had hardly time to see the princess in her garments of the colors of the sun before they changed, an instant afterwards, to raga. . . . But what does it matter, if during their short life these fallacies have rivaled Venice reflected in the mirror of the lagoons, where the light gondolas float. I do not care to know exactly what they contain, it displeases me to think that they have a useful purpose, any purpose whatever; I only know that the Adriatic is not more beautiful than Lake Michigan, and that an inspiration of genius evoked one day on that blue, limitless sheet of water the whiteness of a phantom city, quick to evaporate in the blue of the heavens."

The writer is much interested in the effect of this vision upon the people who see it. Quiet as they seem to be, she thinks that they appreciate and enjoy its beauty quite as keenly as would the Europeans, who are "more expansive and more turbulent." "One learns to recognize there," she says, "a people strangely master of themselves and their emotions." From these generalities she passes to the Woman's Building at the Fair, which she did not admire; and her criticisms are singularly just. They suggest a comment recently made by one of the "Lady Managers" to the effect that the Woman's Building had accomplished one excellent purpose, in effectually preventing a second separation of the work of women from that of men. Nevertheless, Mme. Blanc records the benefits which resulted from this exhibit, and pays a graceful tribute to the good work accomplished by Mrs. Palmer and the Woman's Board. She attributes their ability to perform this difficult pioneer work largely to the influence of the clubs of women, which have become so important a feature of American life. The Fortnightly and the Woman's Club are both discussed, and the writer's quick intelligence enables her to seize the essential points of difference. A meeting of each is described, and the philanthropic and reform work accomplished by the last-mentioned club is especially commended. She is surprised at the ability shown in the discussions and the readiness of the women to engage in them. "When I said that the habit of speaking in public was absolutely wanting to me, their faces expressed such pity as the Turkish women showed when they discovered that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was imprisoned in a corset, or as we ourselves assume before the mutilated feet of the Chinese." Much well-merited praise is given to Hull House, the most successful social settlement in America; and the terse and vivid description of the place and its founders is followed by an admirable synopsis of a lively discus-

sion at the Social Science Club which meets there. No article yet published has given a clearer and juster impression of the aims and achievements of the founders of Hull House than this one, printed in far-away Paris.

Several Chicago writers are complimented in this article, and of "The Cliff-Dwellers," a book "which recently aroused the most violent indignation," the writer says:—

"In this romance of manners, on the contrary, are painted in very sombre colors the bad sides, the terrible characteristics of Chicago, the results of ferocious speculation, of the inhuman battle for success, a pitiless struggle which stifles all feeling, even that of the family, hardens the soul, and drives those who engage in it even to crime. The author of the book, Mr. Henry Fuller, has made many more enemies for that vigorous satire because he has dared to touch the sacred person of woman. His heroine, Cecilia Ingles, the worldly deity, invisible up to the last page, but always present through the occult influence that she exercises, thoughtlessly drives hundreds of individuals to their ruin. She aspires only to produce the greatest possible effect, she ignores what her luxury costs, how many unfortunates are because of her duped, robbed, tortured, driven to misery, to shame, and to despair."

Admitting that she or her prototypes probably exist in Chicago, this kindly critic believes that she does not remain there, that she finds material better suited to her purposes in France and England. The comments on the city itself are most interesting. "To jeer at Chicago," she says, "is a bad habit common to all civilized America. * * * But the city testifies better than anything to the energy and industry of a great people." And later:—"It would require a Turner and a Raffaelli combined to render the effect of the populous streets of Chicago, of those 'sky-scrapers,' on the sides of which scintillate in the evening intermittent electric lights: glittering bunches of all colors are caught here and there to form signs and advertisements; other floating signs are thrown from one house to another over the wide road where rumbles a heavy roar like that of the sea. * * * And through this measured tumult, without cries, without crash or disorder, flows a human tide in which you recognize ingredients from the entire world." The architecture—the office-buildings and the homes—interests this observer so greatly that she says, "The new American architecture seems to be the boldest manifestation of the progress of the fine arts in America."

In summing up, Mme. Blanc says:—

"I have said it, Chicago reconciles all contrasts, but nothing is more unexpected than the reign of women in this great centre, whose virility is so eager, in this focus of traffic and of industry, where everything seems harsh at the first glance, the climate, the encompassing atmosphere, harsh morally as well as physically. Nowhere did it appear to me so strongly accentuated, though from the north to the south, from the east to the west, one hears only a paraphrase of the remark of Stuart Mill, eloquently commented on by Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott in reference to the universal fair:—'The hour of women has struck.' It strikes in truth in the United States, with the chivalrous consent of the men."

LUCY MONROE.

WORTHINGTON, ONTARIO, August 7, 1894.

London Letter

IN THE DEATH of Mr. Walter Pater literature—the literature of the best elements—has sustained no common blow. It may be, perhaps, that an Oxford man is naturally inclined to overestimate the importance of what was essentially an Oxford spirit, but I confess that at the moment I feel as though the leader and spokesman of our little body were suddenly taken from our midst, leaving behind him no one worthy to succeed him in the generalship. Walter Pater was essentially, in life and in thought, a typical Oxford man. He had, of course, travelled far since the day when he was appointed to a fellowship at Brasenose, at the early age of twenty-three; but the influences of other lands had touched him very little. It may be that this was provincial; it may be that he lacked breadth and that odiously indispensable practicality for which the exigencies of our century cry so importunately, but Oxford will be content to remember him as he was. To most of us he will seem the inevitable, the worthy follower of Matthew Arnold—the one other man who has, in recent years, shown to the outside world something of that intangible, undescribable charm which Oxford always holds for her sons, scattered (it may be) upon the four quarters of the globe, and yet always united in the memory of those first affections, those shadowy recollections. "Steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age,

who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps on calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from the other side?" "Adorable dreamer," it runs on, and the typical son of Oxford will always, I suppose, see visions and dream dreams—will always be the follower of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties. But the spirit does not end in dreaming. The guerdon of a life of ideas is that in time those ideas must, perforce, be applied to the life they animate, and from this union springs that school of criticism which has surely done more than any other to correct taste and stifle provincialism.

Of course, the ideas of Arnold were not those of Pater: had it been so there would scarcely have been so imperative a need for both. But each was a natural outcome of that chastening influence of our Gentle Mother, acting on a different temperament, and each has an equal voice for the Oxford of all time. In an age when criticism is losing ground day by day, when vain impressionism is striving, not without some success, to put her down from her seat, Arnold and Pater have reminded us of the possibilities of sincerity and judgment, of the necessity of taste, of the glory of style; and their work will not fail of its reward. In the future it will surely stand, if not within the *arcana*, at least upon the threshold of immortality.

Mr. William Watson has written a new national anthem, and *The Daily Chronicle* has printed it with the pendant of a laudatory leaderette. It may be that there is need for a new national anthem: the radical in our midst is always discovering some void which he must hasten to fill. Most, of us, however, will be satisfied with the old familiar verses, despite their quaint absurdities about "confounding politics" and "frustrating knavish tricks," which are surely the more congenial for their unfitness. Very few, I think, will take kindly to Mr. Watson's substitute. For one thing he has adopted the old metre, and his achievement in it serves to show that the old ballad is by no means so ineffective after all.

"God save our ancient land,
God bless our noble land,
God save our land!
Yea, from War's pangs and fears,
Plague's tooth and Famine's tears,
Ev'n unto latest years,
God save our land!
God gives us clearer eyes!
Power sickens, Glory dies;
Truth, Wisdom stand.
These, though their steps be slow,
Once coming, cannot go.
God haste their reign below,
God save our land!"

I do not know what the politician may think of the sentiment, but the critic will perhaps confess that the utterance is scarcely inspiring. "Ev'n unto latest years" is a tolerably poor line, but surely "Once coming, cannot go" is grievous. The old was better.

There have been one or two allusions in these columns lately to the mental density of our moral reformers, but I think the most humorous instance of all has been reserved for the last few days. It is reported from across the border that a Scotch parson has made a violent attack upon a Scotch printing-house for having lent its machines to the manufacture of Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Tess," a book which is notoriously immoral and not to be mentioned among the unco' guid! It seems that the publications of the sect in which the complainant officiates as minister are entrusted to the same printing-house, and the good man naturally feels the incongruity of so dangerous a union. But is it not amazing what strange emotions still pass for righteousness?

Talking of novel censors naturally reminds one of Mr. George Moore, and the mention of his name recalls the fact that he has just finished a brief study in womankind, amounting to some 30,000 words, which is shortly to see the light in the pages of one of Mr. Jerome's publications—I believe in *To-Day*. It is said that Mr. Moore will in this story fail to offend the most delicate susceptibility; and it is noteworthy, by the way, that Mr. Jerome is beginning to run Mr. Clement Shorter very close as an editor who succeeds in acquiring for his paper the very best and newest names of the hour. Mr. Jerome, I believe, has an immense amount of good material on hand just now, and it is pleasant to see that *To-Day* has just taken a good turn in the matter of production. It is now far better printed than of old, and its circulation is said to be mounting by rapid degrees.

Of editors, Dr. Robertson Nicoll is perhaps the most successful in his "discoveries," and the fact that he was the first to recog-

nize the genius of Mr. J. M. Barrie lends interest to the rumor that he has now lighted upon a new Scotch novelist of promise, whose first book is to be ready in October. The writer's pen-name is Ian Maclaren, and several of the sketches have appeared, under Dr. Nicoll's auspices, in the pages of *The British Weekly*. A good deal is expected of their first appearance in volume-form.

I have many times mentioned the progress of the Irish Literary Movement in London and the share taken in the matter by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. Those who are in any way interested in the revival will be glad to hear that Sir Charles, who has just left London for Nice, has left behind him with a firm of publishers the manuscript of his autobiography, which he calls "My Life in Two Hemispheres." Besides his career as an Irish Nationalist he played a very important part, some five and thirty years ago, in the political life of Victoria, where he was Minister of Public Works, and subsequently Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. The record of his career is, therefore, unusually full of event.

It is announced that Mr. Richard Mansfield has acquired the American dramatic rights in Mr. Bernard Shaw's successful play, "Arms and the Man," which he will shortly produce in New York. It will be interesting to London playgoers to notice how far the success of the piece here is repeated upon the other side. The subtle humor of the realism, one would imagine, is just the thing to appeal to American audiences, and, if they enjoy the clever dialogue one-half as well as we have, I can promise them a rare treat and Mr. Mansfield an overflowing exchequer.

LONDON, August 4, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

IN ONE of my recent letters I promised to write about Dr. Samuel A. Green's investigations into the history of the Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Not only librarians, but collectors of books and readers in general, could find much of interest in these investigations. As Librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society and as a former Trustee of the Boston Public Library, Dr. Green has become thoroughly conversant with his subject; and his literary culture and earnest historical researches won for him, in all such work, the title of an "authority." But I will not go into the details of his interesting account of the Library, or of the book-plates used in it, but will take up some quaint points which he discovered. I use the word "discovered" advisedly, as the ordinary searcher would never have found so many odd side-lights of history as Dr. Green's accurate search has brought to view. There, for instance, on the first pages of the volume by Nathan Fiske, published in Boston, 1774, and bearing the impressive title "The Importance of Righteousness, in Two Discourses Delivered at Brookfield, July 4, 1774," he found this comment in the handwriting of John Eliot, the first Librarian of the Society, serving then (1798) his second term of office.

"Remark—for the benefit of other Societies besides the historical. A *stupid* book-binder will never mind orders about placing pamphlets. If *cheapness* is the thing aimed at, you will have none but *stupid fellows* to work for you."

How many librarians—and private collectors, too—will feel a thrill of appreciation at this somewhat hot-headed but evidently soul-felt complaint! In still another book, however, they will find, through the mediumship of Dr. Green, a still more emphatic and quaint scolding of the negligent book-binders. "There is no persuading Bookbinders to do as you desire them," writes John Eliot on the fly-leaf of "The Church of Ephesus Arraign'd," by Josiah Smith (Charles-Town, S.C., 1768). Here he says, too, in these words:—

"There is no persuading Bookbinders to do as you *desire* them. Besides the misplacing of several pamphlets and paying no regard to the date, tho' arranged for him by the Librarian, he must take this Narrative of the work at C. from the parcell which were collected with great diligence & many months assiduity; & where all the Cambuslang pieces preceded the other works of the *Whitefieldian* controversy. Two books are spoiled, to the no small vexation of Mr. E., who hath had his patience tried often in this way.

"USE—OR CAUTION.

"Never send but pamphlets enough to fill one volume—let these be bound in boards only till you have seen them—then may you alter the arrang't before the finishing. Otherwise you must stand over the Book-binder till there is not a bare possibility of his *mistaking*."

In writing of binders, I may say that Dr. Green from his experience gives a valuable suggestion to libraries, to the effect that they bind their newspapers in duck. It is considered, he says, more

durable than leather, which in time becomes very tender and fragile. He also gives an interesting account of the unique way in which the Massachusetts Historical Society elects its members. Previous to 1815 it was the custom to elect by ballot, but in that year it was voted unanimously that "The law and custom of our forefathers be adopted as it stands in the Statute of Elections, 1643, *mutatis mutandis*;" For the yearly choosing of assistants, the freeman shall use Indian corn and beans, the Indian corn to manifest election, and the beans contrary." So now in this venerable and venerated Society, corn and beans are used in the election. But there is a further interest in this method of voting, from the fact that the corn thus used is taken from an ear given to the Society by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. The interest that lies in that corn I can best describe by quoting the tag attached to the ear. It reads as follows:—

"The ear of corn held up by Edward Everett as an illustration in his speech on 'Vegetable and Mineral Gold' at the dinner of the United States Agricultural Society, 26th October, 1855, and given to me as we drove home together after the dinner. He said he had plucked it himself, from the field in Lexington, on that or a previous morning. He brought it to the dinner wrapped in paper, uncovering it only at the moment when he alluded to it. See his 'Orations and Speeches,' 3d Vol."

A part of Boston's book-supply will ultimately be placed in historic rooms, the old West Church having been purchased, for \$55,000, for use as a branch of the Public Library. This famous Church, standing in what was once the fashionable part of Boston, but now the home of the colored people, was organized in 1736. It has had but four pastors—the Rev. William Hooper, Jonathan Mayhew, Simeon Howard, Charles Lowell, the father of James Russell Lowell; and C. A. Bartol, the brilliant clergyman now retired from active work. They say that the first Sunday-school of New England was established at the West Church, 82 years ago; and, sad to say, its end came through lack of a Sunday-school—i. e., the old parishioners moved away, and no new ones grew up in Sunday-school union with the church.

To George Riddle, the reader, comes a handsome fortune from his aunt, Mrs. Cordelia R. Sanford, who died recently in Newport, if I remember aright. She was the widow of Milton H. Sanford of New York. Miss Kate Field, now of Washington, another relative, is remembered in the will, which also gives to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts four pictures by Colman, two landscapes by Griswold, a painting by Foxcroft Cole and other valuable pictures; while Wellesley College receives, with other bequests, three of Elihu Vedder's works.

BOSTON, August 14, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

THE "SCENOGRAPH" of the World's Fair, which is the principal summer attraction at the Madison Square Garden, is a model, on a large scale, of the grounds and buildings, with a background which includes the city of Chicago and the surrounding country. The effect is that of a view from a balloon above the Lake, and, while not at all illusory, it is, in its way, very satisfactory. It occupies the full width of the great auditorium, and the various buildings are large enough to give some idea of their actual proportions. The perspective is very well managed, everything being in relief to a considerable distance back of the main subject. For this reason the various effects of light, from morning to evening, are much better than in ordinary cycloramas. The electric lighting of the various buildings, one by one, enables the attendant in charge to name them, so that persons who have not seen the reality, nor studied a map, can readily distinguish them.

—Prizes of \$400 and \$200 are offered by the city of Amsterdam for designs for a monument to Thomas à Kempis.

—The August *Magazine of Art* has, for its frontispiece, an etching of F. von Uhde's picture "Homewards," a woman and a child returning, by a snowy road, to a little town whose lights appear in the distance. The most generally interesting article is on Westminster Abbey and the proposal to provide new sites for monuments and memorials. The author, Mr. H. P. H. Downing, shows that there is much room still available without adding new buildings, or destroying old ones. The article is illustrated by drawings and a plan. Mr. M. H. Spielmann has a curious article, unillustrated, on "The Artist's Ghost"; John Brett, A.R.A., criticises Raphael's cartoons, drawing the comment from the editor, in a note, that the latter does not necessarily identify himself with the views of all contributors. Among the full-page woodcuts is

one of Mr. Sargent's splendid portrait of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth. "Our Note Book" gives a portrait of the late Lucy M. Rossetti, after a chalk-drawing by D. G. Rossetti.

—The seventh number of the new issue of *The Portfolio* contains a monograph on "Fair Women," by William Sharp, the illustrations to which are chosen mainly from the works of English painters, and are, many of them, portraits of women more famous in other ways than for their personal beauty. The list includes, however, Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Snake in the Grass," G. F. Watts's portrait of Mrs. Langtry, George Romney's "Lady Hamilton as Ariadne" and a "Portrait of a Lady," by Bernardino Luini. These are all full-page plates. In the text appear examples of Jan Vermeer of Delft, Rossetti, Piero della Francesca, L. Alma-Tadema and other painters.

—Mr. Joseph Pennell, who has been spending the summer in Spain, has entirely rewritten his work on "Pen-and-Ink Drawing," and added a number of illustrations to it, making it virtually a new book. It will be published by Macmillan & Co. in the fall—not in the size of the first edition, which was a rather awkward folio, but in the large quarto style, which is much more agreeable for reading.

Notes

"THE CENTURY Cyclopædia of Names" is the title of a needed companion to "The Century Dictionary," edited by Benjamin E. Smith and to be published shortly by the Century Co. Mr. Smith, who was the managing editor of the Dictionary, has had the assistance of noted specialists. The Cyclopædia will be a pronouncing and etymological dictionary of names in geography, biography, mythology, history, ethnology, art, archaeology, fiction, etc. In size, typography and general appearance, it will be uniform with the volumes of "The Century Dictionary," and there is every reason to believe that, in its way, it will be no less valuable than that monumental work.

—*The Saturday Review* has been sold by Mr. Beresford-Hope to L. H. Edmunds, a wealthy lawyer, who says that he will not change the policy of the paper. The *Review* is edited by Mr. Walter H. Pollock.

—Mr. Austin Dobson has edited for Macmillan & Co. a volume of "Old English Songs," which will be illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thomson, whose illustrations of the "tea-cup time of hood and hoop" are familiar to lovers of beautiful books. Mr. Dobson is perhaps the best man in all England to edit such a volume.

—On Wednesday, Oxford University conferred the degree of D.C.L. upon Prof. S. P. Langley, the astronomer, Director of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

—Mr. George Saintsbury's essay on William Morris and Ruskin, begun in this week's *Critic* and to be concluded in our issue of next week, will reappear in September in a volume called "Corrected Impressions," published by Dodd, Mead & Co. In the course of this volume, Mr. Saintsbury examines the works of Thackeray, Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Macaulay, Dickens, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot and other writers of the Victorian Age.

—Mr. Marion Crawford's Bar Harbor story, "Love in Idleness," which has been running through *The Century Magazine*, will be published in book-form in September by the Macmillans. It will have a number of full-page illustrations.

—Charles Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," which many of his admirers consider his greatest work, and which Mr. Lang calls "one of the three greatest novels of modern literature," will be published in two volumes by Dodd, Mead & Co., with illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett and designs by George Wharton Edwards. The library edition of the book will be a small 16mo. There will be a large-paper limited edition of 100 copies, with both text and illustrations on Japan paper.

—In the way of reprints, Dodd, Mead & Co. have had a happy thought, which is to bring out Mrs. Trollope's famous "Domestic Manners of the Americans," in two small volumes, with twenty-four illustrations from contemporary drawings reproduced from the first edition of 1832, and with an introductory note by Prof. Harry Thurston Peck of Columbia College. Everybody has heard of Mrs. Trollope's famous volume, and it is always quoted as a shining example of malicious misrepresentation; but few people have ever read the book in its entirety: they will now have an opportunity. The statements which annoyed our ancestors will only amuse us, and Mrs. Trollope's book is likely to find a large audience among Americans of to-day.

—We learn from the August number of *The Bookman* that the American copyright in Mr. Stevenson's "Ebb Tide" was purchased by Stone & Kimball for 600*l*. The same journal says that the aim of Mr. Stevenson's agent seems to be to bring up his price for serial rights, including England and America, to 22*l*. 10*s*. per thousand words. The romancer's new story, "St. Ives," has been purchased by Mr. Astor for *The Pall Mall Budget*.

—A. N. M. calls our attention to what looks like a curious slip in Castaigne's illustration on page 168 of the August *Scribner's*. A man is staring at a sign that reads "Fêtes & Dimanche." Turning to the text, we find a reference to "two huge signs on which he read but two words, 'Fête' and 'Dimanche.'" The slip is the more amusing from the fact that the artist is a Frenchman.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons will issue this fall, in five volumes, "The Life and Correspondence of Rufus King," edited by his grandson, Dr. Charles R. King; "Found and Lost," by Mary Putnam-Jacobi; "Cicero and the Fall of the Roman Republic," by J. L. Strachan Davidson; "The Story of Venice," by Alethea Weil; "The Flute-Player, and Other Poems," by Francis H. Williams; and "Miss Hurd: An Enigma," by Anna Katharine Green.

—Mr. Stockton's amusing story "Pomona's Travels," which has been running in *The Ladies' Home Journal* in America and *The Pall Mall Magazine* in England, will be published in book-form, with Mr. A. B. Frost's illustrations, by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

—J. B. Lippincott Co. announce "The Marquis de La Fayette in the War of the Revolution, with Some Account of the Attitude of France towards the War of Independence," by Charlemaigne Tower, Jr.; "Henry IV. and the Religious Wars," by Edward T. Blair; "Pediatrix: the Hygiene and Medical Treatment of Children," by Thomas Morgan Rotch, M.D.; "My First Book," the experiences of Walter Besant, James Payn, and twenty other well-known novelists, edited by Jerome K. Jerome, and profusely illustrated; Julien Gordon's "Poppæa"; and "Madonna, and Other Verses," by Harrison S. Morris—the first collection of his poems, printed from type in a limited edition.

—The McClure Syndicate has purchased Mr. Crockett's new story, "The Killing Time."

—A volume of recollections of Edwin Booth, by his daughter, Mrs. Grossmann, illustrated with rare portraits of the famous player, is announced by the Century Co. for publication in October. The same house will soon issue Palmer Cox's "The Brownies Around the World"; a new "Topsy-Turvy" book by P. S. Newell, twice the size of the first one; Tudor Jenks's "Imaginations," a collection of fanciful tales, illustrated by O. Herford; "The Man who Married the Moon," a collection of Pueblo folk-lore tales, by C. F. Lummis; Mrs. C. V. Jamison's "Toinette's Philip," illustrated by Reginald Birch; and two illustrated books by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of *St. Nicholas* and author of "Hans Brinker"—"The Land of Pluck," a series of stories and sketches, chiefly of Holland, and "When Life is Young," a volume of poems for juvenile readers.

—J. B. Lippincott Co., have arranged with M. Zola, we believe, for the publication of "Lourdes" in the United States. The book is carefully protected by copyright, and the publishers are to be congratulated if it has as great a sale here as it has already had in France.

—Apropos of *The Idler*, Jerome K. Jerome has retired from the editorship of this magazine in favor of his assistant, Robert Barr. Mr. Jerome has his hands full with his weekly, *To-Day*, upon the Christmas number of which he is already engaged, and for which he has secured a short story written by Mr. Thomas Hardy, in collaboration with the Hon. Mrs. Henniker. This, *The Bookman* tell us, is the first time that Mr. Hardy has collaborated with anyone.

—Dr. Robertson Nicoll has discovered an essay by Emily Brontë, hitherto unpublished, which will appear in the September *Woman at Home*.

—Mrs. James T. Fields has gathered still another paper of literary reminiscences from her late husband's library, and will print it in the September *Scribner's* under the title of "A Third Shelf of Old Books," with portraits, facsimiles, etc.

—Mr. Edwin Hodder, of the publishing firm of Hodder & Stoughton, has edited a life of John MacGregor, of the Rob-Roy canoe, which will be published in September. *The Athenæum* says that the book contains a record of the curious career of MacGregor, from the time when, a mere babe, he was rescued from

the burning ship, the Kent, East Indiaman. It is said to be full of stories of strange adventures and experiences afloat and ashore, interspersed with amusing anecdotes; it deals also with the principal philanthropic movements of the day.

—Messrs. Dent & Co. of London, whose editions of Jane Austen, the Brontës and Miss Edgeworth are well known, are about to publish the novels of Miss Ferrier in the same attractive style. They will be published in this country by Macmillan & Co.

—Mr. Rudyard Kipling is a man of many surprises. We had just got suitably impressed with the fact that he would remain in England until September, when he arrived in New York (Aug. 14) with his wife and child. It is said that he intends to spend part of every summer in England and the rest of the year on the edge of "the Great Pie Belt."

—A volume of short stories by Thomas Nelson Page will be published early in the autumn by the Messrs. Scribner. Some of the tales have appeared in the magazines, while others are quite new. Mr. Page's "Polly" will be published in a volume by itself, uniform with "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady," and will be illustrated by A. Castaigne. Although a Frenchman, Mr. Castaigne is familiar with Southern life and scenes, having spent some years as a teacher of drawing in Baltimore.

—Mr. Arthur Warren, London correspondent of the Boston Herald, has completed "A History of some Famous English Printers," which will be published, says *The Bookman*, by the Grolier Club of New York. Mr. De Vinne will print the book, which will contain an abundance of old cuts, ornaments and reproductions of exquisite title-pages.

—Mr. Howells is nowhere more delightful than in his literary reminiscences, and it is pleasant to hear that his "First Visit to New England" will be followed in *Harper's Monthly* by a series describing his first impressions of New York.

—Outdoor sports are every year becoming more popular in this country, so that it will interest a great many more people to-day than it would have interested a few years ago to know that Mr. Caspar W. Whitney will contribute to *Harper's* "Riding to Hounds in England" and "Golf in the Old Country," with a large number of illustrations. The first paper will appear in the September number, where "the sport for kings" will be described with picturesque detail.

—Appropos of the centennial of the birth of William Cullen Bryant, which was to be celebrated at Cummingtown, Mass., on the 16th inst., his earliest published poem, "Thanatopsis," will be the subject of a paper by the Rev. John W. Chadwick in the September *Harper's*. "The Origin of a Great Poem" will be the title of Mr. Chadwick's paper, which will be illustrated by two views of Mr. Launt Thompson's bust of the poet, not hitherto published, and a view of the house in which Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis."

—We regret to learn from Mr. Daly, who has just arrived from England, that there is no immediate prospect of his producing an American play. Mr. Crawford's "Marion Darche" will probably be brought out in the not-very-near future; but Mr. James

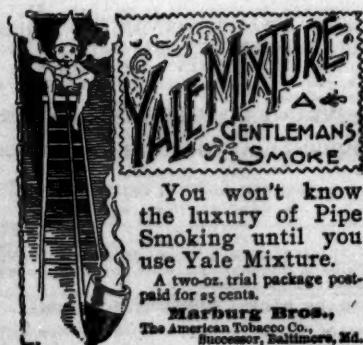
withdrew the comedy he had written, and published it in book-form. So there will be no new American plays at Daly's this winter.

—The autobiography of Mme. de Navarre (Mary Anderson) will not be ready for publication this year. When it is ready, Messrs. Harper & Bros. will be its American publishers. The gifted author's career on the stage was not a long one, but it was brilliant and interesting. It has already lent itself to the purposes of the novelist and the poet; now we shall see what the actress herself will make of it.

—Fred'k Warne & Co. announce the Edinburgh Waverley, a new edition of Scott's novels, in duodecimo; "Cameos of Literature from Standard Authors," ancient and modern; "Quiet Stories from an Old Woman's Garden," by Alison McLean; "Stirring Tales of Colonial Adventure," for boys, by Skipp Borlase; "The Lansdowne Handy-Volume Shakespeare," on India-paper, in six pocket volumes; "The Surprise Circus Panorama," for children; and an Albion Edition of Pope's Homer, with Flaxman's outline illustrations. Their "Royal Natural History" will begin to appear in September.

Publications Received

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|--|--|
| Bird, C. Geology. \$2.25. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Bowdoin College, Annual Report of. | Brunswick, Me. |
| Burrage, H. S. History of the Baptists in New England. \$1.05. | Phila.: American Baptist Pub. Co. |
| Butler, W. A. Mrs. Limber's Raffle. 75c. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Clauder, H. T. What Time Is It? 30c. | Wm. Beverly Harrison. |
| Clegg, J. T. David's Loom. \$1. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Descriptive Catalogue of the Permanent Collections of Works of Art. | Phila.: Penna. Academy of the Fine Arts. |
| Frederic, H. Marsena, and Other Stories. \$1. | Charles Scribner's Sons. |
| Haynes, G. H. Representation and Suffrage in Mass. soc. | Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. |
| Hewitt, A. S. Letter of. And Speech of F. M. Scott. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Hornung, E. W. The Unbidden Guest. \$1. | J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Hungerford, Mrs. Peter's Wife. \$1. | |
| Hunter, Marguerite. | |
| Huxley, T. H. Discourses Biological and Geological. \$1.25. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Libby, O. G. Geographical Distribution of the Vote of the Thirteen States on the Federal Constitution, 1787-8. | University of Wisconsin: Madison, Wis. |
| Keane, J. H. Boy's Own Guide to Fishing. \$1.50. | Lee & Shepard. |
| McLelland, M. G. The Old Post-Road. | The Merriam Co. |
| Méneval, C.-F. de. Memoirs Illustrating the History of Napoleon I. | |
| Ed. by N. J. de Méneval. Vol. III. \$2. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Meredith, George. Lord Ormont and His Aminta. \$1.50. | Charles Scribner's Sons. |
| Monkhouse, A. Books and Plays. \$1.75. | J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Muller, P. M. Three Lectures on the Vedānta Philosophy. \$1.75. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Newberry, F. E. Not for Profit. | A. I. Bradley & Co. |
| Oriental Studies. \$2. | Ginn & Co. |
| Parmele, M. Evolution of an Empire. | Wm. Beverly Harrison. |
| Raimond, C. E. George Mandeville's Husband. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Ritchie, A. T. and Evans, R. Rulers of India. 60c. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Rowlands, E. A. My Pretty Jane. \$1. | J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Ryland, J. H. Woman-Suffrage Question. soc. | Thomas Whitaker. |
| Scott, W. Anne of Gelestein. \$1.55. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Small, A. W. and Vincent, G. E. An Introduction to the Study of Society. \$1.85. | Am. Book Co. |
| Smith, C. A Cucumber of the Ground. 6c. | Harper & Bros. |
| Street, G. S. Autobiography of a Boy. \$1.25. | J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Van Rensselaer, S. Should We Ask for the Suffrage? | Arena Pub. Co. |
| Warren, W. The Aztecs. | Keppeler & Schwarmann. |
| Wilson, H. L. Zigzag Tales. soc. | J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Winter, J. S. Every Inch a Soldier. \$1. | |



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